

EPISTL

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M. Clav
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M. J.
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H O R A C E

I M I T A T E D.

And illustrated with G E M S and M E D A L S.

By G E O R G E O G L E, Esq;

Ep. II. (K with the 1st Epist. in 11631.g.33.)

Parcite Personis, dicite de Vitiis.

A N O N.

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OF

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L I M I T E D

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ANON.

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EPISTLE II

TO *SISSON PUTLAND*, Esq;

THOU! the polite 'TIBULLUS of the Age! EP. I
B. I

Ingaging still, yet careless to ingage!

That, wisely know'st, thro' all Extremes, to steer!

A candid ' Critic! But a Judge severe!

Honest, to blame! And gen'rous, to commend!

Whose Praises, shame not! Censures, not offend!

Say, what the Pleasure, ' what the Bus'ness, say;

What Taste, for Taste is Thine, prolongs thy Stay?

B

Love,

Love, to attend? Or Friendship, to improve?
 For Man is tam'd, by Friendship, and by Love!
 Or steals the modest Bard his secret Flights;
 And writes⁶ as fast, as easy CASSIUS writes?
 Yet not, as CASSIUS, quitting⁷ Sense for Sound?
 But strong, tho' smooth! Tho' rapid, yet profound!
 Prefer'd by Thee, what Honors⁵ *Richmond* claims?
 Adopts what new, revives what ancient Names?
 And shall I call Her, from thy learn'd Retreat,
 The Walk of SOCRATES, or TEMPLE's Seat?

EPISTOLA II.
 Ad ALBIUM TIBULLUM.

Dotes ejus prædicat, et propositâ Mortis Cogitatione ad
 Hilaritatem convertit.

ALBI, ¹ —

— nostrorum Sermonum —

— — — — — candide Judex, ²

Quid ³ —

— nunc te dicam facere ⁴ —

— — — — — in REGIONE PEDANA? ⁵

Scribere quod CASSI PARMENSIS ⁶ —

— — — — — Opuscula vincat? ⁷

There

There ⁴ weighs my Friend, as Chance or Art prevails,
 Contending Factions, with impartial Scales?
 The Statesmen *in*, The Statesmen *out* of Place?
 And what the Pow'r, of Favor or Disgrace?
 Or, more enlarg'd, surveys the Worldly Stage;
 Of Peace, the Temper; and of War, the Rage?
 From Craft of Priests, what Superstition springs;
 What Devastation, from the Pride of Kings?
 Or romes the wholesom Woods⁹ with early Care,
 Inhaleing the sweet ¹¹ Breeze of Morning Air?
 Studious,¹² of Life; Contemplative, of Death;
 That lasting Particle! That failing Breath!
 Or marks the Road that ¹³ strait to *Virtue* lies;
 And What befits ¹⁴ the *Good*, and What, the *Wise*?

An tacitum ⁸ ———

——— *Sylvas inter* ⁹ ———

——— ——— ——— REPTARE ¹⁰ ———

——— ——— ——— ——— *salubres,* ¹¹

Curantem ¹² ———

——— ——— *quidquid dignum* ¹³ ———

——— ——— ——— SAPIENTE BONOQUE *est?* ¹⁴

And, as in ¹⁰flow and ⁸silent Search He moves,
Rude Forests turns to *Academic* Groves?

For Thou art not a ¹⁵Body, void ¹⁶of Soul,
 A specious Half of Man, but perfect Whole;
 Where inward Beauty vies with ¹⁸outward Grace:
 Thy Mind is fully image'd in thy Face.
 FORTUNE ¹⁷to Thee unlocks her shining Store;
 Much ¹⁹tho' SHE gave, yet NATURE gave Thee more:
 A Heart, to polish Opulence with Use,
 And make Heav'n's Bounty needful, not profuse.
 For Thou, in either Social Part, transcend;
 The lib'ral Lover, and the lib'ral Friend!
 To Whom, the ²⁰Art of *Living well* is known;
 Not That of *Living well* to Self alone!
 Whose Board with rich ²⁸Oeconomy is grac'd;
 The Flow of Plenty, not the Flood of Waste!

Non tu corpus eras ¹⁵ —

— — — *sine pectore.* ¹⁶ —

— — — — — *Dí tibi* ¹⁷ —

— — — — — *formam,* ¹⁸

Dí tibi divitias dederunt, ¹⁹ —

— — — — — *artemque fruendi.* ²⁰

Whose

Whose order'd House adorn'd with decent Show;
 Prescrib'd, on What to spare, on What bestow!
 What more,²¹ to bless the Mother, cou'd be given;
 That for her fondest Child solicits Heaven?
 Than Judgment,²² to distinguish Right from Wrong?
 The graceful Person? The persuasive Tongue?
 The free Behavior? The polite Address?
 The happy Turn, ²⁴ to Think, and to ²³ Express?
 The Sense, to paint Opinion boldly true?
 The Wit, to place it in the fairest View?
 The Conduct, clear of Error as of Blame?
 With ²⁵ private Credit, and with ²⁶ public Fame.
 With Strength of Body, and with Bloom ²⁷ of Health?
 Nor ²⁹ lessen'd, nor accumulated Wealth?

Quid voveat dulci nutricula majus alumno, ²¹

Qui sapere, ²² —

— — — *et fari possit* ²³ —

— — — — *quæ sentiat,* ²⁴ —

— — — — — *et cui*

Gratia, ²⁵ —

— — — *Fama,* ²⁶ —

— — — *Valetudo contingat abundè,* ²⁷ —

Et mundus victus, ²⁸ —

— — — — — *non deficiente crumena?* ²⁹

But

But Thou! whate'er ³⁰ thy Hope, whate'er ³² thy Fear;
 What Suns may light, what Clouds obscure the Sphere;
 What Favors ³¹ sooth Thee, or what Wrongs ³³ inrage;
 What Tempests ruffle, or what Calms assuage;
 Amidst, thy Pain or Pleasure, Ease or Strife:
 Still think each ³⁴ Close of Noon, thy Last of Life.
 Less grievous so shall fall each spreading Night,
 That falls thy Grief to banish with the Light!
 More ³⁵ joyous so shall shine each rising Day,
 That shines to Joy ³⁶ with unexpected Ray!
 'Strike from your Wish, what lies not in your Power,
 'Grateful the Bliss! ³⁵ and critical the Hour!'

Whene'er You grant the Favor You intend,
 And welcom ⁴⁰ at my humbler Gate descend;

Inter spem ³⁰ —

— — — *curamque* ³¹ —

— — — — — *timores inter* ³² —

— — — — — *et iras* ³³

Omnem crede diem —

— — — — — *tibi diluxisse supremum.* ³⁴

'*Grata superveniet,* ³⁵ —

— — — — — '*quæ non sperabitur, Hora.*' ³⁶

To laugh ⁴¹ with Freedom, and without Design,
 To open all your Heart, and open mine:
 My House will look like ⁴² EPICURUS' School,
 Examin'd by his strict, not looser Rule.
 The Master still the same, the Truth to speak,
 Nor yet has rais'd one Rose to grace his Cheek;
 Nor fair ³⁸ Complexion boasts, nor polish'd ³⁹ Skin;
 Nor portly ³⁷ Body bears, nor doubled Chin.
 Safe from my Hand, if safe from luring Priest,
 On Fig, or Grape, the Ortolan may feast.
 Secure the Boar, on *German* Acrons fed,
 Preserve the savage Honors of his Head.
 No fat Domestic pampers at my Side,
 To blow my Virtues, till they burst with Pride;
 If any of thy Virtues fill my Heart!
 Or gloss my Vices with Religious Art;

Me pinguem ³⁷ —

— — — *ac nitidum* ³⁸ —

— — — — — *bene curatâ cute* ³⁹ —

— — — — — *vises,* ⁴⁰

Quum ridere voles ⁴¹ —

— — — — — EPICURI ⁴² —

— — — — — *de grege Porcum.* ⁴³

To

To blast, not bless, the wholsom Food I eat,
And make me swallow Poison with my Meat.
Let *naked* TRUTH officiate at my Board,
With neat, but not luxurious Plenty stor'd;
And pour the gen'rous, but not lavish'd Wine.
I am not of the Herd⁴³ of Sable Swine!

11:7:49



Musa Romana aut Philosophia.